

MONTGOMERY BELL BULLETIN

**PUBLISHED BY
THE STUDENTS *of*
MONTGOMERY
BELL —
ACADEMY**

You Cannot Make the Grade Without Our Clothes
Society Brand and Glenrock
Ask the Boys That Wear Them

R. Z. LEVY & SON

223 Fourth Avenue, North

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No. 1.

The Green Book

RAIN, pouring rain. Rain after a long hot spell. Rain that had no notion of letting up for at least three hours.

Three hours—and too late for a trip into town for the football game. What was anybody to do on a day like this, all alone, with everybody gone and nothing to do?

The attic? It came to me like a shot. In the short time I had been visiting here there had been no time for others. Come to think of it, you never hear of a boy exploring an attic—just girls. Well, might as well get going.

Steps, steps and more steps. Never saw so many steps in my life. Whew! At last! Here I am. Let's see; where shall I look first. I guess I will start with the iron trunk. Ha! Ha! What a funny suit of clothes; and what's this? A little green book. "Diary of Jack Walsingham."

Instead of opening the book at the first page I turned to the middle, and here is what I saw:

"Green fields, red hills,
Four winds of the world."

Now what does that mean? It doesn't even rhyme. Well, I have heard the easiest way to find out anything is to look for it. I turned back several pages and this is what I found:

"September 5th, 1789 A.D. The emeralds. The princess' necklace. The thing I came here for. My quest is

ended; but I will have to stay a little longer, so my departure will not seem amiss."

"September 6th: My goose is cooked if I don't hide the emeralds."

Then came the two mysterious lines. Following the above lines there were several more entries on different things until I saw this entry:

"September 15th: This will be my last day on earth, as the Lancaster boy has discovered the loss of the necklace and thinks his cousin gave it to me as a token. He is in love with her and consequently has challenged me to a duel. I have heard it said he is the best swordsman in America; and as I am almost the worst, there are no wagers pending on the outcome. I have written a note to her, leaving her my diary. This is my last laugh, as I doubt if she will be able to translate the lines describing the hiding place of the green stones."

There were no more entries.

Those two lines kept running through my head:

"Green fields, red hills,
Four winds of the world."

Now, if I was hiding a necklace, where would I put it? Behind a picture, under the floor, bed posts, chair legs.

After thinking over all the things mentioned, the idea of the picture seemed most likely. What picture in the house answered the description of the hiding place? The only pictures I could think of were portraits of my long dead ancestors. Thinking maybe it might be in one of the third-story rooms, which were very seldom used, I thought the best thing to do was to go and stroll around in some of them and see what I could see. Suiting the action to the word I marched myself down stairs and one after another I began to explore the third-story rooms. I was just about to give up in disgust when over in the far corner of the Blue Room I spied an old picture with its front to the wall. Going over and picking it up I found the glass was broken; but it was a picture of fields and hills. Green fields and red hills; the four corners of the frame

being the winds I supposed. I shook it and nothing rattled. I took it to pieces and did not find a thing, and had just about decided to give up when I saw a small yellow piece of paper lying on the floor at my feet. I snatched it up and opened it hurriedly. This is what I read:

"Oct. 4th, 1789: Walsingham is dead, and I have my necklace. His last laugh is on him."

MALCOM POAGE, '32.

Infinite

MIST. Mist and darkness. Cold and darkness. Very cold. And to make more noticeable both cold and darkness, there was loneliness. He shuddered. Not from cold, for he was used to it; not from darkness, for he was not afraid; but from loneliness, because he hated it. He was little and he was alone. He was very little. He seemed insignificant, lost, in the infinite bleakness and darkness of the night. Such bleakness. It tore at one's soul. Its arms reached into the infinite. It was black, grey, funeral white—dead, so dead. It filled the boy's soul. He overflowed with it. He could not distinguish between the bleakness within and that without. The one was a product of the other. Both wrung unwept tears from his heart. He was very cold. The bleakness overwhelmed him.

* * *

How warm the house was, and how light. She was happy. Happy in her pride for her little boy. She laughed, and the house seemed warmer and lighter. When there was silence it seemed to glow. She planned for his future, a glorious future, a great manhood. There were castles gleaming in the air. How real they looked. She felt that they were real, and they made her happier. She wished he were at home, but she knew that school was the beginning of her dream. She was so happy. And then he came home in a manner she had never expected. Cold, stark cold. They brought him to her. She wept. The crystal palaces

vanished. How cold it had become. What darkness here where had been light before. Infinite darkness. Its arms encircled her heart. She knew he was dead. The bleakness overwhelmed her, but there was a greater suffering for her than his. It was to live.

* * *

The wind swept the snow about. Such cold snow. It was dark. The snow swept about a stone—the marker of a grave. A grave, deserted it seemed, by all. It was lonely, and its loneliness was terrifying, stifling; lonely beyond all understanding, infinite. Another object appeared. It was a woman kneeling by the grave. How white her hair was. What a careworn face. She was cold, and the darkness frightened her a little. She felt the approach of the infinite. She prayed. The snow whirled. How bleak the scene. The infinite approached. It engulfed her.

F. MORTON, '31.

Dr. Barclaw's Child

“and that, gentlemen, is my contribution to the new scientific age.”

With these closing words Professor Barclaw stepped to the raised dais and drew the curtains. Conversation momentarily ceased as the two reporters from the Morning Star prepared to inspect what was probably the weirdest apparition ever conceived by a warped mind. To lend emphasis to such a strange interview, a storm raged outside with diabolical fury. Thunder crashed and rolled like empty barrels rushing down a steep and abysmal stairway. The wind whispered eerily through the rain soaked branches. At the best the lonely manor could hardly be described as a cheerful place, but today it seemed as if something evil had cast a spell over the house and its occupants. This was manifested by the nervous glances the reporters cast over their shoulders into the dark corners, and at the sudden rustling of the heavy black draperies writhing as if in pain before the gusts of wind.

The professor with his ancient black suit which hung loosely from his spare frame seemed fitted in such an environment. His pale face and hollow eyes accentuated the nervous twitching of his mouth as he eagerly sought to explain his masterpiece.

A radio controlled robot. Full six feet and a half this steel monster towered, a veritable colossus. The limbs were joined to a thick barrel-like body, and this was surmounted by a grotesque head. The features had certain characteristics which would have caused more hardy men than the newspaper men to take a grip on themselves. Strange and brutal sights they had seen, but nothing quite so unnerved them as the expression upon the face of this huge Thing. Cruelty, hate, rage and murder were easily read in its mocking, sardonic face. So alive did this mechanical man look that it seemed as if it were about to speak and revile puny mankind. By means of radio the professor from his laboratory in the cellar could direct the robot to execute maneuvers startlingly life-like.

Suddenly an interruption to the professor's discourse came in the form of a car heard stopping at the entrance. The sound of the motor pulling away was followed quickly by a sharp knock. The scientist with an expression of annoyance crossed to meet this unexpected intrusion. On opening the door wide the professor and his two interviewers were considerably taken aback to see a vision of perfect womanhood standing in the doorway clutching a dripping slicker about her shoulders. The wind, lightning and thunder all combined to make her appearance the more dramatic. By accident her gaze sweeping past the professor's fell upon the malignant countenance of the robot.

A startled scream burst from her lips. One of the reporters at this moment thoughtfully placed himself between her and the object of her alarm and then arranged the curtains around its massive structure. Motioning her inside the professor placed a chair for her.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" he rasped angrily.

"Why I—I—I'm a reporter, and I came to interview you from the Journal about your invention. I rather guess I frightened you all by my silly screaming, but this terrible storm seems to have unnerved me until I'm little more than a bundle of nerves. Please forgive me."

The professor bowed slightly. The two reporters gallantly pushed forward to relieve her of the streaming raincoat, meanwhile calling upon the gods to witness what Fate in the form of a taxicab had delivered to them. The professor now proceeded to demonstrate the practicability of such a scheme. He drew the curtains back; then excusing himself, he departed for the laboratory. Ten or fifteen minutes had elapsed when the robot raised an arm in a slow motion. At its height it suddenly came down with crushing force. To cap the climax the robot stepped down from the platform, turned completely around then stepping back up it resumed its original position. Several minutes more passed and the professor made his appearance. After perfunctory congratulations had been extended the professor proceeded to serve tea himself, mumbling apologies for the lack of servants. Meanwhile the storm continued unabated; indeed it seemed to have increased in tempo. After tea a dash was made outdoors by one of the men in an effort to get his car started, but he had as well saved himself the wetting, as the motor was completely drowned out. By common consent they all gathered in the drawing room, there to sit in oppressive silence. The girl several times looked up unexpectedly to catch the professor watching her with furtive eye.

"Well," said one of the reporters with an attempt at cheerfulness, "the Prof. seems to be very well supplied with a surplus of room, so if it's all the same to him let's make the best of a bad situation and retire to our respective rooms for a good night's sleep."

The professor shrugged by way of assent, rose and led the way up the stairs to the bedrooms on the second floor.

It must have been somewhere around one o'clock when the two newspaper men who had elected to sleep in the same room were awakened by a piercing scream. Then the sound of a door opening and closing came distinctly to them. Silence! Then followed the measured tread of steps on the stairway leading downstairs. Cautiously opening the door they peered out. By the light of an almost continual play of lightning they saw the huge form of the robot descending. Hysteria gripped them. They never remembered how they dressed and got out of the house. Upon reaching a small town, after running nearly five miles, they were in practically a state of collapse. The constable finally gathered from their incoherent speech that something monstrous had happened at the Barclaw house. Several hastily aroused citizens quickly made up a posse and set out. As they entered the front room the prying searchlights lit upon the robot standing at the foot of the stairway. A sardonic expression lighted his murder-glutted face. A huge mailed fist half raised as if to strike, was covered with blood. By common impulse they all pushed upstairs, knowing and yet dreading what to find. The girl was dead beyond a doubt. One look was enough to satisfy even the most skeptical. A suggestion was then made to find the professor. The way to the laboratory was finally discovered and they pushed forward.

Inside they found him lying beneath what appeared to be a huge electrical switchboard and motor combined. One glance sufficed to tell the whole story. By some accident or miscalculation he had electrocuted himself.

The house has long since been boarded up and the weeds and trees have claimed it until now it is practically obscured from view. The sinister robot remains untouched, and still stands, remarkably lifelike, facing the door, with hand upraised as if daring anyone to cross the portals. It may walk again; who knows. Stranger things have happened.

BILL HARDIN, '31.

Theme Day in English Four



T is Monday, which is theme day in English 4. The bell has just rung and the class is trooping in. W. Smith comes in with his hair neatly combed. Little K. Green stamps in and is promptly and heartily jeered by everyone present. Sleepy Sperry is at the desk asking 'Fessor if anything had been assigned in Math. 4. 'Fessor then proceeds to give him a good lecture on the use of one's ears, a half hour, and doubles his problems.

After the class has seated itself 'Fessor says, "Everybody, fold your themes and write your names on the outside."

Sperry pipes up, "Did you say something, 'Fessor?"

"Yes, I did! Have you your theme?" thunders 'Fessor.

"N—nno, sir," quails poor Sleepy, "I forgot it."

"You," roars 'Fessor, "will take two hours and turn me in a theme on 'Why Professors Quit Teaching School.' If you make less than ninety, I'll be greatly surprised."

"All right, Green, have you got your theme?" asks 'Fessor.

"No, Fessor," says the audacious youth in a very matter-of-fact voice, "but I'll turn one in tomorrow."

Does the "Perfessor" turn a hair? No, sah! He says in the same calm, deadly, matter-of-fact voice, "You will kindly take three hours and turn me in a theme tomorrow on 'Half-Wits and Nit-Wits!' All right! C'mon. Hand 'em over! Ring, Wheeler, Lawrence—what's the matter with you, Lambeth?"

"'Fessor," quivers Lambeth, "I've just found out that I have left the ink copy of my theme at home."

"Oh, that's all right," says 'Fessor, "I'll let you off"—a sigh of relief escapes li'l Dougie that sounds like an engine letting off steam—"with one hour" finishes 'Fessor. That sigh seems to hop back down poor Lamby's throat and choke him.

"All right," snaps 'Fessor, "are all of 'em in—hey, who is that trying to hide behind you, McKelvey?"

"Nobody but Tub!" chuckles Mac. And sure enough, poor Blank is the next victim.

"All right, Blankenship, where's your theme?" asks 'Fessor.

"Well, you see, 'Fessor, it was this way"—

"That'll do—two hours and turn me in a theme tomorrow on 'How to Diet!'

"Now," says 'Fessor, who has calmed down a little by now, "I'll read some of these themes. Here's Smith's; let's see what the title is—hey! what's this? 'My Vacation Adventures in a Second-Hand Ford.' "

Then Sleepy Sperry, who with a sudden surprising burst of mentality saw that an explosion was inevitable, miraculously averted it by suggesting, "'Fessor, why don't you read one of the other ones? Maybe it would be better than that one." That seemed to calm him down again, so he opened one of the others.

"Let's see, now, here's Lambeth's pencil copy—if this is good enough, Lambeth, I'll take that hour off—here, what's his title? 'My Exciting Trip to Mammoth Cave.' Thass enough! Thass enough; Lambeth, your time is doubled! Everyone report after school to listen to a lecture I will make on 'How Not to Write a Theme!'

('Fessor' may be a little hard on theme day, but you have to admit he has a sense of humor.)

THOS. H. MALONE, JR., '33.

A Born Fighter

 RUE fighters are born and not made. This has been proven time and time again. It is essentially true of Governor Henry P. Long, of Louisiana, a poor "Cajan" boy who has risen from the plebeian ranks to almost nationwide prominence.

Finishing in a local high school, he worked for many years as an insurance salesman. Acquiring many influen-

tial friends, his thoughts turned to politics. Realizing his lack of education as a strong disadvantage he entered Tulane University. His brilliant mind and never-say-die spirit enabled him to complete his four-year course in one year. This is a truly remarkable fact, and illustrates the fact that the man is worthy of all the honors that have come his way.

The following year he began to practice law in Shreveport, Louisiana. His practice flourished from the start and in a few years he had become quite a power in his set. His interest in politics grew and because he was a man of the people with straight from the shoulder talk, calling a spade a spade, he was elected governor of the state.

When he was in office a few months he decided that the old governor's home was not good enough for him. He had it torn down and a palatial mansion erected in its place. When the members of his party gave him a silver service set he refused it point blank and demanded an emerald. In some of his ideas he is decidedly Napoleonic, showing many traits of that most famous of all fighters.

His queer quirks are somewhat shadowed by his good deeds. His \$10,000,000 campaign for highways throughout the whole State of Louisiana is remarkable. He threw out all taxes except a five-cent tax on gasoline, which will more than compensate the state.

His plan for a more beautiful New Orleans has recently been fulfilled. The whole of Canal Street has been practically rebuilt. Colored side walks, Old English lamps forming a miniature white way, all go to make Canal Street one of the most attractive main streets in the country.

Long brought natural gas to New Orleans at the minimum price. He is now planning to have a new capital built in Baton Rouge.

However, the people turned against him and he was brought to court on an impeachment charge. There were over fifteen charges against him and every paper in New

Orleans was fighting him. He again proved himself an invincible fighter, for he defeated every charge against him and won his case.

He received nationwide publicity from this case, but it never changed him one bit. He just went right on with his plans and projects, forcing every one to see his way.

He started his own newspaper and thus defeated the press. Recently the senatorial election was held and he triumphantly defeated his opponent who had been Senator for thirty years.

Huey Long has decided to return and to retain the governor's chair until the end of his term and then go to Washington. Such is the character of the man who has made Louisiana a laughing stock at one time and then on the map as a coming state. He is truly a born fighter—and we hope to hear big things from him in Washington.

PERRY DOERR, '31.

Twenty-five Cents the First Mile



AS Jim Allon walked down Lexington Avenue in New York City he realized that he must get to the station in half an hour or miss his train. As he looked around for a taxi he was mildly surprised to see a yellow cab draw up beside the curb. He stepped into the taxi and said, "Pennsylvania Station, please."

The driver turned and gave him an understanding wink. This action really shocked Jim but he let it go lightly as merely "another New York custom." New York was fascinating to Jim, who had come from a small Western village. His ambition at present was to act like a real New Yorker, therefore he only winked back at the driver and told him to speed up.

Jim did not notice the streets that he passed until the driver swung suddenly up a private drive and into the yard of a deserted warehouse. The driver stopped quickly and blew his horn three times. Instantly two men ran out from apparently nowhere and opened the door of the taxi. "Come on, pal," said one, "we gotta hurry."

"Is this another 'New York custom?' " thought Jim. "Anyway, I'll take a chance."

With that he walked out as though he knew what he was doing and followed the two men. When they entered the building one of the men spoke, "Well, Benny, I guess we had better introduce ourselves. This guy is 'Red' Luden, famed for his way with the cops, and I'm Jake Roth, the guy who wrote you about coming to New York."

At that Jim knew that this was no "New York custom," but some kind of mistake; but with that came the thought of what to do. Should he tell who he was or should he go on through with it and take a chance? If he gave his identity he would probably be taken for a ride. If he went through with it he might get away, so he decided to go on. He shook hands vigorously with the men and exclaimed in a harsh voice, "Glad to meet you, gents. How's business?"

"Not so good," was the reply from Jake. "The cops know all us too darn well. That's why we called you here. They don't know you, and we need an unknown man for this job."

"Spill the works," said Jim. "How much do I get, and what chances do I take?"

Before he had received an answer, the door opened and in walked as villainous looking a person as Jim had ever seen. He was small and weazened, with a black moustache and strong Italian features. He stared at Jim a while before he spoke in a voice strong with Italian accent, "Who is des?" he said, and pointed at Jim.

"Why this is Benny," said Jake. "I thought you knew him. Benny, this is Mr. Vanzetti, the boss."

Vanzetti continued to stare at Jim and finally blurted out, "Des guy is a punk. I bin knowing Benny all my life. I t'ink he needs a little fresh air in de car, eh boys?"

When this brief statement was finished Jim felt some one poke something against his side. He didn't need two guesses as to what was poking him. He knew that he was going to be taken for a ride through no fault of his. As he entered the same taxi which had brought him here,

he thought it would be his last. The car started and was soon going through thick traffic at a rather fast rate of speed—not fast enough to attract a speed cop, but fast enough to reach a suitable place for a murder in a short time. As the car went through the traffic Jim thought of his wife at home. This scene faded and was replaced by a column headed, "Gangster Shot in Gang War." He hadn't done anything to deserve this terrible fate. Would the folks at home think he was a gangster and had died a gangster's death? If he could only let them know some way. These thoughts were interrupted by the harsh voice of Vanzetti.

"Bud," said Vanzetti, "do you know we are giving you a free ride which would cost 'twenty-five cents the first mile' anywhere else?"

This grim humor was interrupted by the shrill whistle of a cop who motioned for them to draw up to the curb. With a curse Vanzetti whispered to his prisoner that if he knew what was good for him he had better keep quiet. The cop walked up beside the car and exclaimed in a loud voice common to all cops, "Hey, don't you guys know that the law allows only three to ride at a time in these twenty-five cent taxis? Which one of you birds wants to get out?"

"I will," said Jim quickly, and with alarming speed he disappeared in the vast crowd.

HARRY MUSTARD, '32.

Retribution

JACK LUNN stood back and surveyed his work with a malicious grin on his sharp, cruel features. There was nothing visible except a snow-covered path leading to a small spring bubbling out of a hole in a rock. But underneath that smoothly brushed snow was a steel bear trap with a heavy chain leading to one of the fir trees that lined the path. The trap was meant for Henry Carmody, a former partner of Lunn's, who lived in a cabin a half mile from him.

This was the first year in this part of the North Canadian woods for the two, though both were seasoned trappers. There had been bad feeling between them for some time and at last a break occurred. They divided the traps and pelts and Carmody built a cabin to himself and moved into it. They each ran half the trapline, which was situated so that neither made any contact with the other.

The spring was the only place where the ex-partners had any chance of meeting. If they did, which was seldom, they did not speak to each other. That was two weeks before. It was now near the end of the trapping season and both the men had excellent stocks of furs.

With a grunt of satisfaction Lunn turned and tramped towards his cabin. He was a big, blustering brute with small, close-set eyes; the type of man that bullies the ones who give in and cringes and fawns before his masters.

Henry Carmody was distinctly opposite to Lunn. He was a small, slight French-Canadian; quiet and soft-spoken, not the bragging bully as Lunn and neither the cringing coward. He liked fair play, and didn't fight unless necessary. Henry had given Lunn his way, but the more he gave the more Lunn wanted, and so at last he had elected to move out. Lunn, not having courage enough to shoot him in cold blood, had set the trap for him, preferring to let some wild animal kill him.

The next evening, just as twilight was falling, Lunn set out to the spring to get a pail of water and, incidentally, to see if his murderous plan had worked. When he got to the trap he saw that it had not been disturbed and no one had passed by there. Well, he was content to wait. The longer he waited the more furs Carmody would get. He licked his lips in anticipation.

Stepping around the trap he continued on his way to the spring. As he lifted the bucketful of water he thought he heard a faint sound of padded feet in the dense shadows of the firs that lined the spring and path. Fearfully

he looked around but, seeing nothing, he concluded that it was his imagination and started back along the path.

Some sixth sense warned Lunn that he was being followed. As he hurried along faster and faster he cast affrighted glances into the shadows on either side of the path.

He was almost to the smooth patch of snow which covered the grim jaws of the bear trap. Turning to give one hasty glance behind he saw something that froze him in his tracks. His blood turned to water as he stared into the baleful eyes of a mountain lion creeping slowly towards him. Involuntarily he took a backward step.

With a grim clank the steel jaws of the bear-trap closed and a single terrified shriek split the silence as the lion sprang.

As Henry Carmody wended his way slowly towards the spring early the next morning he saw a mountain lion dart up from a carcass and run through the trees. With a quick snapshot he dropped the beast in its tracks and hurried forward to see what the lion was feeding on.

Henry looked down into the horribly set features of Jack Lunn with his leg in a bear trap.

FRANCIS WASHINGTON, '32.

A Black Punch

ACOB AUGUSTUS WHITE was in a very downcast mood as he shuffled his way along Cedar Street. Money and women were worrying him very much, and he was trying to make up his mind which worried him the most. He was in love with the sweetest "brown skin" in Black Bottom, but to his great discomfort he had a rival who, he believed, was going as strong as he. Jacob had tried many times to make her "forget dat nigger," but this seemed to make her like him more and more.

His rival was a boxer who claimed the championship of Black Bottom. He had beaten so many of his foes

into such a condition that the promoters were not able to get any one to fight him. They put out advertisements saying that anyone that would fight him would get \$25, and if anyone whipped him he would receive \$50, and the championship of Black Bottom.

One night Jacob went by to see his girl and he was determined to make her say that she would forget this prizefighter. After he went inside and sat down in a comfortable chair by the fire he said, "Mandy, why don't you forget dat nigger and pay all yo' 'tention to me? He ain't got nothing but a pair of big fists. His head is plum' empty."

"Well, if you thinks that he ain't got nothing but two fists, why don't you fight him?" said Mandy.

"Well, now, you don't think I'm scared of him, do you?"

"Sho' you is, or you would 'a done fought him a long time ago. If you was to whip him I'd like you a lot mo'."

So instead of forgetting him, all Mandy did that night was to talk about Jacob's rival. On his way home that night Jacob did a lot of thinking. Should he fight this man and get his face beat up, or should he not fight him and lose Mandy? After taking it much into consideration he finally decided that it would be best to fight, so the next day he went to the promoters and challenged Joe Brown, the heavyweight champion of Black Bottom. Eight rounds.

When the advertising cards were posted everyone was greatly surprised to see that Jacob was to be the victim. The men at the pool room teased him and asked him what kind of flowers he wanted them to put on his grave. All this worked on Jacob's mind and on the eve of the battle he was very much undecided as to whether he was going to fulfil his challenge or not. When the bell rang for the first round something seemed to push Jacob into the ring. The judge's account for the first seven rounds was this:

First Round—Joe Brown.

Second Round—Joe Brown.

Third Round—Joe Brown.

Fourth Round—Joe Brown.

Fifth Round—Joe Brown.

Sixth Round—Joe Brown.

Seventh Round—Joe Brown.

When the bell rang for the eighth round Jacob could hardly walk to the middle of the ring. His face was battered to a pulp and his left eye was completely closed. Joe Brown came out and started his usual upper cuts and body blows. Jacob didn't have enough energy to hit him back. Blow after blow hit him in the face. Suddenly above the cries of all the crowd he heard a familiar voice cry, "Knock him out, Joe."

So! She wanted this fighting cyclone to knock him out, did she? Well, he would show her a thing or two. With all the weight and energy he had left in his battered body he made a blind punch at the champ's face. The blow hit him full in the face and it took the ex-champion's second thirty minutes to bring him back to consciousness. Thus, Jacob Augustus White became the heavy-weight champion of Black Bottom. Also he was the "sweet papa" at the house of one, Mandy Johnson.

GEORGE SMITH, '32.

Man Overboard



I AM Robert Osborne, the son of Floyd Osborne, who is a wealthy New York broker. I have been a life guard at a well known summer resort. This fact is probably the only reason why I can tell this story now.

My father and I sailed on the Bahama Queen from Savannah, Georgia. Because we left under the threat of a storm the captain decided to take the ocean passage rather than risk the danger of a storm among the numerous reefs and bays of the Bahamas. We were going to Nassau.

The storm broke when we were just outside the northeast Providence Channel. I had been leaning on the steam railing watching the gathering clouds, but I was making my way toward the main cabin when the storm's full force

struck us. I skidded to the rail as the boat reeled. There I maintained a firm grasp while the first waves swept the deck. I managed to work my way along the rail to a point opposite the cabin door where I waited for a longer space between the waves. While I was essaying the distance between the rail and the door, I slipped and slid along the wet deck, clutching wildly at the tightly riveted steel plates. The next wave which seemed to my terrorized mind a wave of infuriated water, swept me over the rail.

In the instant that my head came clear of the wave just as I went over the rail, I heard a far distant shout. It gave me the impression of "man overboard," although I could not distinguish any words. The next time my head emerged I saw something splash into the sea a little in front of me. My brain now being cleared to a certain degree, I started swimming toward the object which materialized into a life preserver. I reached it in a few seconds. When I was safely supported by the life-preserver, my brain began to function rationally. I began weighing the chances of a boat finding me in that storm.

After approximately five minutes—I had not yet realized that my watch continued running—being on the crest of a wave, I saw a futile attempt to launch a boat for my rescue. As soon as it touched the water the waves swamped it. A second and third attempt ended similarly. The steamer then circled around that vicinity with two searchlights playing on the water. Once while I was in the hollow of a wave, a beam of light glanced over the nearby crests. I shouted and used my arms in vain. The ship turned away and disappeared slowly from sight.

Then I sank into the deepest despair. Again my brain was stupefied by fear, a fear so great that my hands all but slipped from the life preserver. This brought me sharply to my senses. I immediately started worming my head and shoulders through the cork ring. I finally succeeded in getting it under my armpits, and, being exhausted by the effort, I relaxed as much as possible in the chilly water. From these thoughts my mind turned suddenly

to my present condition. I started wondering how much time had elapsed, what time it now was. I knew that it had been about six in the evening when I had stood at the stern railing of the Bahama Queen. That seemed ages ago! Then I thought of my radium-dialled wrist watch, almost dreading to look at it lest it had stopped. When I did it showed ten o'clock. This started me working out a possible explanation of the steamer's departure. That had worried me a good deal, as I could not think of my father leaving with my fate unknown. I decided that it must have been six-thirty when I was swept overboard and about seven-thirty when the steamer left. I thought that the captain might have persuaded father to go on to Nassau, leave the passengers, get another searchlight and a motor launch, and return to the scene of the disaster. If I had only known how near right I was! I figured that the steamer could reach Nassau by nine, leave at ten, the time I discovered that my watch was running, and possibly find me by twelve. I fixed my mind on this theory so rigidly that I started figuring accordingly where the ship would be and what my father would be doing. This was my only hope.

The minutes dragged slowly. Meanwhile the storm had abated and the sea was only half as rough as when I went overboard. When twelve o'clock finally came I was anxiously searching the dark water for any sign of a ship, imagining I could see a dark hull or hear the throbbing of engines. After about ten minutes I did see a sudden sweep of a searchlight. Another lighted the bow of a steamer. I yelled hoarsely and waved my arms frantically. Soon I realized that I was only wearing myself out. The steamer approached until I distinguished the lines of the Bahama Queen. Some minutes later a searchlight lit up the sea around me. Although blinded by the light, I shouted and waved. Another ten minutes were sufficient to have me in a motor launch and headed for the Bahama Queen.

I cannot describe the joy I felt at my reunion with father. That lasted only a few moments, then I hurried

to my stateroom to change to a warm bathrobe. I went to the engine room, which was the warmest place in the ship. There father and I each told his story between gulps of steaming coffee. Father needed the stimulant almost as much as I. The experience had been harrowing to both of us. I here devoutly hope that I shall never participate in or even witness such an episode again.

RICHARD ELLIS, '32.

VERSE

AUTUMN

When the harvest moon shines
bright
On a clear and crispy night,
And there's not a cloud in sight,
Then it's autumn.

When the apples are getting
mellow
And the grass is turning yellow,
And the ground is lying fallow,
Then it's autumn.

When the quail is on the wing
And the guns begin to ring,
And the birds refuse to sing,
Then it's autumn.

When the banners begin to fly
And the school spirit is high,
And the football games draw
nigh,
Then it's autumn.
Malcolm Poage, '31.

NIGHT

The dusk comes stealing o'er the
land
As silent as an owl.
It covers the drowsy world;
The dogs begin to howl.

From windows bright the light
shines out
Upon the darkened plain;
The owl's hoot comes from out
the woods,
The frog's croak from the lane.

Then night comes down and
takes control

And blots out all the scene;
The homeward traveler quickens
pace,
The rising wind is keen.

The family gathers round the
hearth,
The bed-time tales begin,
And after many a pleasant tale,
The times comes to turn in.

The moon is up; it shines on
high,
And floods the world with
light;
The dwellers of the darkened
woods

Come out into the night.
Blackstone Dozier, '30.

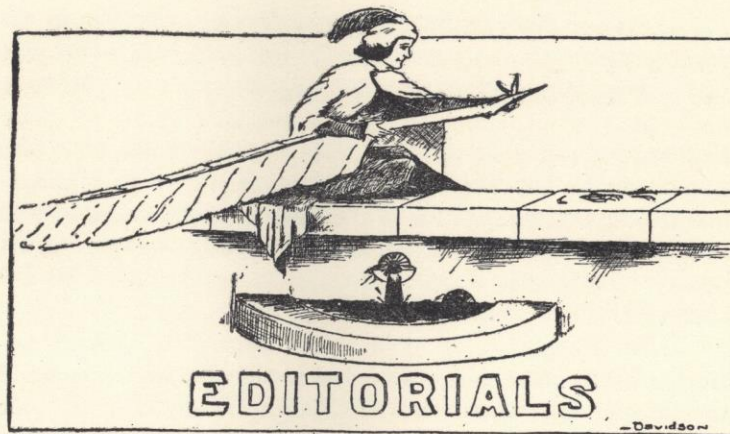
A RAMBLER

I guess I'm just a Rambler,
With a pair of travelin' feet
That's carried me to distant ports
Where the tides of life just beat.

I've seen the dives in Shanghai,
Been knifed on the Barbary
coast,
Shipped off on whalin' vessels
When Death rode at the post.

I've cursed the heat in the desert
When thirst makes mad the
mind;
I've gone through hell in every
form,
But I smile, 'cause I haven't
whined.

Bill Hardin, '31.



THE MONTGOMERY BELL BULLETIN

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WHAT AN OLD BOY OWES TO HIS SCHOOL

When a boy attains the second or third year in high school, he has been associated with the school and its surrounding long enough to realize what it should mean to him and what to the boys just entering.

A school should be a teacher, a father, a home, an example of healthful and righteous living to every boy. A school to be this to a boy must have alumni of outstanding character and a group of upper classmen who hold their school in this light themselves. A boy, however, to hold his school in this light must realize what he owes to the school to make it all this to himself and others.

An upper classman should be a shining example to every freshman entering the school. He should show respect for his teachers. To do this he must conduct himself as a gentleman at all times in his classes and bring up daily the lessons assigned to him. He should be loyal to the school at all times; not through loud talk or a false front, but through deeds. If he is inclined to athletics he should keep himself both mentally and physically fit to give his best to the school. A boy should be active in all school activities.

These things that I have stated pertain to a boy's activities while in school. When he is out of school he should not forget his school or the loyalty he owes to it. He should conduct himself at all times in such a manner that one of his classmates or an alumnus would be proud to say that he was a fellow student.

TOM ELAM, '32.

The year 1930 brings us two new professors. Both are graduates of Sewanee, Mr. Burrows of '28, and Mr. Early of '29. Mr. Burrows came here from South Carolina where he was principal of a public high school—Mr. Early from Mississippi. With rare spirit they have entered into cooperation with the faculty and student body. Their spirit, keen understanding of boys and willingness to help at any time has immediately created a strong bond of affection between the student body and them.

THE M. B. A. CAMPUS

Last year a Woman's Auxiliary Board of M. B. A. was organized by the mothers of some of the boys in the school. They raised money in various ways, and beautified the campus greatly. This year they have begun to do the same work which they did last year.

To the new fellows of the school, this is a little new. However, they will learn quickly enough, we are sure. Let's give the Auxiliary our whole-hearted support this year as we did last year. It doesn't take much energy to

keep from destroying those things which add beauty to a place where we spend most of our time. A repetition of last year's success will make our school an ideal place to live.

We are the school. The faculty are here to guide us in our work. What we do reflects entirely on us. If we build up the campus, we get the credit. If the campus or buildings are torn up, we get the discredit for that. So, fellows, let's make the Auxiliary and the faculty proud of our conduct this year, and aid them in all their undertakings.

D. MOODY, '31.

THE STUDENT BODY OF 1930

Once more M. B. A. has gathered a group of boys, mixed, perhaps, in types, and made them into one big family. This year, as other years, will be successful in the making of boys into fine young men.

Looking over the past three years, one finds the students larger in size than those of the present year. However small the size of an M. B. A. student may be, you may rest assured that the spirit is there, just as strong as ever.

To outsiders, it seems strange that no matter how small the school is, a fighting spirit prevails over the entire student body. Regardless of the former attitude and spirit of the boy, he will have that certain warm feeling that surges through the blood at the mention of M. B. A., after he has attended this school for a few months.

To those alumni, who wonder how the school can go on with them missing, I have this to say: that, although we may have a small school this year, they cannot tell of any other year which had a more spirited and a more well-behaved student body than this one of the year 1930.

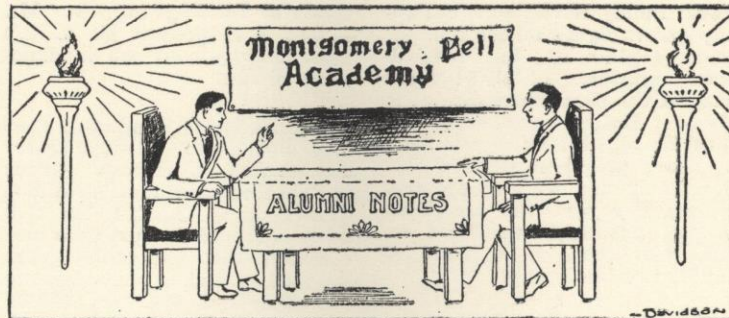
D. MOODY, '31.

If a senior is true to his colors he should be a great help to his school. First, he should help by starting out the year right. Young boys usually like to follow some

older boy. If the senior or older boy gets to work and does well in his studies why naturally the young boy will try to follow in his footsteps and do good work also. The seniors' attitude towards the school and the teachers should determine the kind of school you have. Seniors should uphold the school's name in a way that will make one proud of his school. The senior should be capable of taking part in school activities such as athletics, government, scholarship, and he should be interested in the school paper, if the school has one. The senior should do everything in his power to make his school have a higher standing than any other school. Above all a senior should conduct himself in such a manner that he is a good example for the freshman, sophomore, or junior to follow. The senior more or less should be the standard of the school. A senior should be the kind of fellow that the younger boys would look up to and respect. JIM BURGE, '31.

"There isn't any such word as can't," is an old expression which is almost always true. This is being clearly proved by the M. B. A. football team this year, for it was common talk around town the first of September that the team could not stand up under the schedule they were to play, and when the small, green team went down under defeat at the hands of the Duncan team, the old cry came up again: "They can't!" But the worm is turning, for the team under the supervision of Coach Hardin has won two out of three games and is going strong. The attitude of the general public has changed, and the team is very confident that the future games, no matter how hard the game or how strong the team, can be had by the right spirit and hard work. Heaven knows there is not a man on the squad who is not fighting for a successful season for old M. B. A. and their coach, Chile Hardin. So let's stand behind them and show the same spirit by our support that they are showing every afternoon out on the field.

A. T. LEVINE, '31.



Eastman G. Currey, '82, recently died in Tacoma, Wash. Mr. Currey was born and educated in Nashville and lived here until twenty years ago when he moved to Norfolk, Va. and later to Tacoma, Wash. He was a colonel in the old First Tennessee Regiment and served in the Spanish-American War as adjutant of the Second Tennessee Regiment. At the outbreak of the World War he rejoined the army, serving as a quartermaster.

* * *

Robert Miller Bransford, '15, one of the best known young coal dealers in Nashville, and for the past three years associated with his brother, B. M. Bransford, '16, in the management of the Bransford Fuel Company, died lately of pneumonia. Earlier in his business career he was associated with the Nashville Coal Company and with the W. H. Kirkpatrick Fuel Company of this city. Before that time he was connected with the L. & N. Railroad.

* * *

The marriage of Merrill Moore, 20, to Miss Ann Leslie Nichol took place at the Belle Meade Country Club in Nashville on the fourteenth of August, 1930. Doctor and Mrs. Moore will make their home for the present in Boston, where he is engaged on

the staff of the Boston General Hospital.

* * *

George H. Gaffney, '25, was married to Miss Ann Cullom Askew on October the sixth at Nashville, Tennessee.

* * *

Jimmie Kranz, Isaac Ball, III and Floyd Hayes, all of the class of '30, and Donald Ellis of the class of '29, entered Sewanee this fall and are doing good work.

* * *

Jesse Phillips, Tom Sneed, Dick Lindsey, John Shumaker, of '30, and W. L. Newsom of '29, entered Vanderbilt this fall.

* * *

Tilden Proctor, '30, is upholding the good name of M. B. A. at Lehigh University, where he entered this fall. He is making some of the best grades in the Freshman class.

* * *

Dudley Bransford, '30, entered the University of Virginia in September.

* * *

At the University of Tennessee last session, M. B. A. seems to have come in for a considerable share of honors. With Leonard Raulston, president of the graduating class, member of the Scarrabeian Honor Society, and with many lesser honors be-

sides; Buddy Hackman a nationally known figure on the football team, captain of the baseball team, president of the student body of the University, etc., etc.; Herbert Brown, member of the football squad, Scarrabeian Honor man, president of the "T" Club, etc.; and with others also maintaining well the traditions of the Academy, we think we have good cause to be proud of our Tennessee group.

* * *

Joseph W. Gray, '24, after graduating from the Law Department of the University of Virginia in June, has returned to Nashville and has entered the law office of Aust, Cornelius and Wade in the Nashville Trust Bldg. William M. Martin Jr., '23, has during the summer also connected himself with this firm.

* * *

Judge John H. DeWitt, '90, has recently been elected president of the Tennessee Historical Society.

* * *

One of the youngest executives of the great American industrial corporations is George A. Sloan, M. B. A., '09, president of the Cotton Textile Institute, Inc., of New York. At the invitation of the Westinghouse interests, he recently delivered an interesting address over the radio on "Adapting Cotton to New Uses." On a visit to Nashville sometime ago he made the statement that if it had not been for the practice in public speaking that he had had at M. B. A. he would not be where he is now.

* * *

R. J. Totten, '94, Minister of the U. S. to the Union of South African States, now on a visit to this country, is reported, Nov. 17th, to have been taken desperately ill with double pneu-

monia at Birmingham, Ala. Mr. Totten is at present M. B. A.'s most distinguished son in diplomatic circles.

* * *

The Nashville Vanderbilt Club held during July a meeting for the election of officers. Under the retiring president, Brownlee Currey, M. B. A., '20, the club made a record for progress and initiative that has seldom been equalled in earlier years. Among the officers elected for 1930-31 is Edward Rooney, vice-president, M. B. A., '16.

* * *

We record the marriage of Joseph H. Dozier, '30, to Miss Margaret Frances Padgett, which took place at Huntsville, Ala., on October 12.

* * *

At the University of Cincinnati in June, Baxter G. Moore, '26, was graduated in the School of Engineering as Commercial Engineer. His record there has been exceedingly high throughout his undergraduate years.

* * *

At Dartmouth in June, Edwin H. Frost, '26, graduated with honors. He has entered business here with the Frost-Lewis Co., in the Independent Life Building.

* * *

Joe Myers, '29, captain of the Vanderbilt University B team, has been making an enviable grid record this fall.

* * *

At Sewanee this fall, M. B. A. men on the regular Varsity team are: Patton, Goodman, Phillips, D. Blair and Morton.

On the Freshman squad are Hayes and Ball.

* * *

At Notre Dame Kennedy Jones, '26, was graduated with the class of '30.

EXCHANGES

The Montgomery Bell Bulletin got a rather late start this year. Financial difficulties were not the least of our worries. We have a fairly complete paper now, however, and we hope our readers will like it.

Of course, an almost entirely new staff has charge of the paper now, and they naturally do not get into harness right away. Some very competent men are on it, though, and this issue is the result of their efforts.

* * *

The Exchange Department has received a good many exchanges, and among them The Blue and White, Knoxville High School, Knoxville, Tenn.; Maroon and White, Chattanooga High School, Chattanooga, Tenn.; The Volunteer, Peabody, Nashville; The Vanderbilt Alumnus, Vanderbilt University, Nashville; The Sewanee Purple, Sewanee University, Sewanee, Tenn. There are several others which we hope to include in our next issue.

* * *

The Maroon and White, Chattanooga High School, Chattanooga, Tenn.: We think that you have a very good paper. It is mainly well balanced and well written. The element of humor is lacking, however, and this is virtually a necessity. Jokes should be a stand-by of every school publication, for they give an added interest to the reader. We are glad to have received so many of your papers and will be glad to put you on our exchange list again.

* * *

The Blue and White, Knoxville High School, Knoxville,

Tenn.: We enjoyed your paper very much. It seems to have many topics and it handles them well. Your sports page is a good feature, and the column, "The Spectator," is good in that it is of personal interest to the students.

* * *

The Vanderbilt Alumnus, Vanderbilt University, Nashville: It is hard for a high school to criticize a college publication, so we will just say that it is a very complete and readable issue and contains much collegiate news. We are glad to read these college papers, for they give us an idea of what's ahead of us.

* * *

The teacher was testing the knowledge of her kindergarten class. Slapping a half-dollar on the desk, she said sharply, "What is it?" Instantly a voice from the back row, "Tails!"—Exchange.

* * *

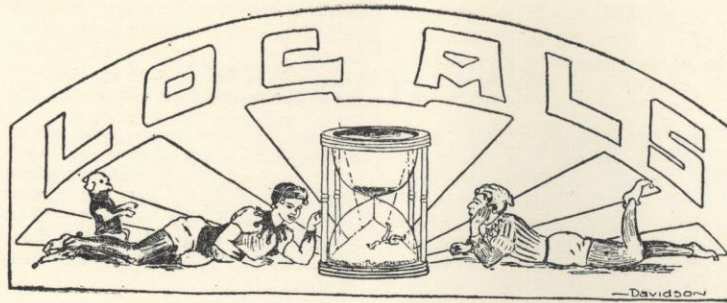
We asked our girl to go to church Sunday night, but her mother invited herself along—so we went to church.—Exchange.

* * *

Genesis: "Ah tells yo', judge, Ah's innocent of hittin' dat woman. She don' hit herse'f."

Judge: "Hold on now! Common sense tells us that a woman wouldn't hit herself with a flat-iron."

Genesis: "Ah knows, jedge. She didn't mean to hit herse'f. She done throwed de iron at me, but she fo'got it was a 'lectric iron an' de co'd swing it back."—Exchange.



Notgrass: 'Fessor, may I move my seat out of the sun?

'Fessor: Why don't you like to sit in the sun?

Notgrass: It makes my hair curl.

* * *

Sisk has recently received a bid to the House of David.

* * *

'Fessor: Green, have you read "To a Meadowlark"?

Green: How do you get them to listen?

* * *

Foreman (to Butler): What are you looking for?

Butler (not recognizing his new boss): Payday and quitting time.

Foreman (handing him fifty cents): Here's both.

* * *

Mr. Ball, in English Class: What is the difference between he smells bad, and he smells badly?

G. Smith: A few scents.

* * *

Red Eubanks, to Freshman: Did you ever play any football before in your life?

Freshman: Oh, yes! At Ross school.

* * *

As Ernest Jones is in town most of the afternoons, anyway, they elected him assistant business manager so he could do a little work while he was there.

Hardin said: "I'll show you a thing or two or three or four." Raby thought he was calling signals, and running against a blackboard, broke his nose.

* * *

Leyne: Where is Mr. Ball?

Bracy: He is down at his house.

Levine: Are you sure?

Bracy: Yes.

Levine: You will hit me with a book, will you?

* * *

WINTER

Winter is nigh and chill winds blow,

The cold north wind brings hints of snow,

The bare trees like specters stand,

Their branches toss'd by an unseen hand.

A clarion call from geese o'er-head,

As in arrowed flight they southward sped,

Fleeing from winter's icy breath, Far from the rendezvous of death.

Drab and low the clouds are massed,

Behind their curtain the sun has passed;

A thin snow sheet that's afraid to stay,

A scanty dress for the darkening day.

Bill Hardin, '31.

SOCIAL MENTIONS

The I. Bumma Cigs held their annual meeting and Robert Seabolt was elected President.

* * *

Milton Bracy was elected the most perfect pupil in 1930 enrollment.

* * *

McKelvey was voted the best all-round boy in the school.

* * *

'Fessor: Waller, did you find your book?

Waller: Yes sir, have you missed yours yet?

* * *

MY TRUSTY CAR

I like my trusty car,
It is an ancient hack;
Although it is so very old,
It gets me there and back.

Whenever I go out
In that old car of mine,
Some people say, it's funny,
But I think it's just fine.

Now this old bus of mine,
It has been very far,
It sometimes squeaks and rattles,
But still it is a car.

And often when I drive it
Folks say, "It ain't so hot";
But as a means of transportation,
It's the only thing I've got.
Kent Prewitt, '32.

* * *

A LAMENT

Tonight's the night I sit up late
burning the midnight oil,
For trying to think of a poem to
write is the hardest kind of
toil.

But we were given orders, and I
will do or die
If it takes a leg, a couple of
teeth, and even perhaps an
eye.

I'm good when it comes to pitching
hay or rolling slippery
logs,

And I hold the championship in
the art of calling hogs.

I can sow the wheat and reap it
and I can thresh it too;

But when it comes to poems, I'll
be durned if I can do.

O let the saps who have a brain
sit down and write a verse;
The best that I can ever do is
just sit by and curse.

To be a poet's a thing for which
I never had a yearning;

'Tis all that I can do to get the
proper dose of learning.

And if I get a zero for this
conglomeration,

It is the best that I can do with
all my concentration.

As I said at first, "I lay no claim
to being any poet,"

And if you've gotten down this
far I guess by now you
know it.

Francis Washington, '32.

* * *

The elections held this term
for the school committee resulted
as follows.

Ragland, Third Form; Harris
and Wheeler, Fourth Form; Butler,
Halloran and Myers, Fifth
Form; Moody, Burge, Shropshire
and Pearson, Sixth Form;
from the school at large, Hardin,
Yates and Crawford; from the
Faculty, Mr. Davidson. The
Committee elected Pearson its
President and Shropshire, Secretary.

* * *

The Senior class elections
were Burge, President; Joy, Secretary-Treasurer.

* * *

The Women's Auxilliary Board
is earnestly back at its good
work again. Already they have
held a number of meetings and
already they have given one of
their successful entertainments,
a card party at the Hermitage
Hotel. The proceeds of these
entertainments last year were
used in many improvements,

beautifying and making more comfortable the school surroundings. The cash results of this first entertainment of the year went mainly to some badly needed work on the three big oaks by the front drive, trees that were standing there before James Robertson's eyes ever lighted on the site of Nashville. The students certainly do appreciate the work of these mothers and the interest they have always shown.

* * *

Lovelace: Sperry, don't put your feet on these pants.

Sperry: Why?

Lovelace: They're the only pair my father has.

* * *

Mr. Ball, in Geography 3 class: McKelvey, where is the hottest place in the world?

McKelvey (dreamily): Out at my girl's house.

* * *

The English 6 class was on the point of ordering flowers last Thursday when Armstrong spelled one word correctly out of 20 given on a test.

* * *

Freshman: Lend me some paper.

Halloran: What's your name?

Freshman: Treanor.

Halloran: No, I'm going to train you to buy your own paper.

* * *

A collection should be taken up to buy Sisk a shave, furnish Buckner with pennies and to buy Seabolt a package of cigarettes.

* * *

The Athletic Association of Vanderbilt University would appreciate very much if McKelvey would use the gates instead of tearing down the fence.

* * *

Mr. Otis C. Williams, who taught Math at M. B. A. in '28 and '29, took during this last summer the State Board exam-

ination for Certified Public Accountants. Of ten who took the examination, two qualified, Mr. Williams being one of these. He is engaged now in this business with headquarters in Nashville.

* * *

Bentley: How'd you break your leg, Hardin?

Hardin: Gettin' on the Honor Roll.

* * *

Shropshire: Morris, you could make a million dollars with that voice of yours.

Morris: By singing?

Shrop: No. By selling strawberries.

* * *

Levine: Look at all the sub-freshmens.

Mr. Ball. Did you say 'freshmens,' Levine?

Levine: No sir, I said 'sub-freshmens.'

* * *

Doerr: Blair's passes from center are all alike.

Sisk: How's that?

Doerr: They are all over your head.

* * *

The piano had hardly been in the school twenty-four hours before Mary Lou Bentley had all of her no-breaks filled for the term.

* * *

Holt: What are you going to do, Coach? It's raining outside.

Coach: We are going to have skull practice.

Holt: McKelvey, bring me my headgear.

* * *

Mr. Davidson. Blankenship, three hours.

Blankenship: Good to me.

Mr. Davidson: Four hours, to make it better.

* * *

Chile: Burge, have you taken a shower?

Burge: No sir, is there one missing.

Levine: Mr. Davidson, please give me a piece of paper to copy this problem on.

Mr. Davidson: Be still, Levine.

Levine: I'm going to tell papa on you.

* * *

Bracey: Seniors are not what they used to be.

Wheeler: Why?

Bracey: They used to be Freshmen.

* * *

Nick Morris (to freshman): "If there's anything you want to know, just ask me."

Freshman: "Will you point me out that big goof, Morris?"

* * *

Roberts, our conscientious football man, says he can't understand how it is when taking laps around the field that he starts first, no one passes him, and still he is always the last one in.

* * *

Bentley (trying to sell book): "McKelvey, do you use 'Correct English'?"

McKelvey (highly insulted): "I should say I does."

* * *

Fessor (in Math 5): "Bracy, what is a line?"

Bracy: "I don't know."

Fessor: "Ask 'Sheik' Myers."

This next number will be sung by Buckner: "Who'll Buy My Lunches When the Freshmen Start Getting Wise?"

* * *

Raby: "Do you think I look like Fashion Park in this cap?"

Meek: "You look like Morgan Park to me."

* * *

Wheeler: "Is Ellis smart in Spanish?"

McHugh: "I wouldn't swap him for a jack!"

* * *

Mrs. Ball: "Morris, were the Aegeans Indo-European people?"

Morris: "No, ma'am; they were outdoor European people."

* * *

It will be a cold day in July when Bracy brings his own paper and pencil to class.

* * *

Fessor (in Math 5): "Seabolt, what is a triangle?"

Seabolt: "A square with three corners."

* * *

Let's ask Alfred Tennyson Levine where he picked up his prize fighter's handshake!

* * *

Voice of the student body: "Shropshire, will you please bring back our books; we need them."





At the start of the 1930 grid season the prospects for a successful year were indeed gloomy looking. Not in the history of the school has such a momentous task faced the coach in building a team from such scanty and green material. With only two regulars returning from last year "Chile" has worked together a combination that has surprised even the most optimistic.

The team, though not big, is as scrappy and hard fighting an outfit as there is in the state. Playing the best teams in the state, outweighed and against men with more experience, M. B. A. has nevertheless made a record that we are proud of.

FIRST GAME

M. B. A., 6; Duncan, 26

M. B. A. lost its first game of the season 26 to 6. The game was hard-fought throughout, but the Maroons could not cope with the heavier and more experienced Duncan aggregation. In the first quarter Ezell scored a touchdown, putting Duncan out in front. They scored again in the second quarter and added the extra point, making the count 13-0. M. B. A. came back strong and scored on a pass, Yates to Doerr. The first half ended with Duncan leading 13-6. In the last half weight and experience told, and Duncan put the game on ice by running the total score to 26. For M. B. A. Holt, Elam, and Burge played well in the line, and Capt. Halloran, Yates and Doerr looked good in the backfield. For Duncan, Ezell and Miller as

backs were Duncan's best ground gainers, and Bill Davis, end, Joslin, guard, and Conrad, tackle, starred in the line.

SECOND GAME

M. B. A., 13; Wallace, 6

In a game that was crammed with thrills M. B. A. came from behind to beat Wallace 13 to 6. Wallace was the first to score, breaking through and blocking Petey Harris's kick from behind the goal line and recovering the ball. In the second quarter Yates intercepted a pass and made a sensational fifty-five-yard sprint to even the count. The winning touchdown came in the second quarter, after a sustained march down the field. Harris plunged through center to put M. B. A. on top. A pass to Capt. Halloran was successful for the extra point. Holt and Blair were particularly brilliant in the forward wall and the honors in the backfield were evenly divided between Harris, Yates, Doerr and Halloran. Petey Harris's punting was the feature of the game. Carter, quarterback; Pete Minton, end; Smartt and Morrell, tackles, shone for Wallace.

THIRD GAME

M. B. A., 13; B. H. M. A., 6

M. B. A. humbled the powerful B. and H. team on our own home field. B. and H. elected to kick, and the ball was put in play on our thirty-five yard line. M. B. A. started off with a rush and lost no time in scoring. After several tries through the line and around end had proved ineffectual Capt. Nick Halloran heaved a long pass to Bill Hardin over the goal line for the first score of the game. Raby added the extra point. M. B. A. again received, and by straight drives and sweeping end runs put the ball on B. and H.'s nine-yard line. Pearson ran off tackle for that distance and a touchdown. The try for the extra point was wild. During the next three periods M. B. A. was unable to score. B. and H. scored in the second quarter when a punt was returned to M. B. A.'s three-yard line. On the fourth down the ball was across by inches. The rest

of the game was played with the ball in mid-field, neither team threatening to score again. There were no stars for M. B. A., every man doing his best, and the whole team working like a machine. Kirk Connell at full and Craig at end starred for B. and H.

FOURTH GAME

M. B. A., 0; B. G. A., 21

M. B. A. suffered defeat in the hands of Battle Ground Academy on the Franklin School's field 21 to 0.

A heavy, hard-charging line combined with a tricky pass attack proved fatal to the Maroons.

The light M. B. A. forewall fought hard throughout but found it impossible to penetrate the defense of the heavier and more experienced team.

The game was packed with many thrills and breaks. Billy Hardin, M. B. A. star end, broke his ankle in the last few minutes of play and was carried from the field.

Blair, Hurn, Halloran, Doerr, and Lovelace were the stars for M. B. A.

The entire B. G. A. team played well.

FIFTH GAME

M. B. A., 0; C. M. A., 39

M. B. A.'s small but fighting team bowed before the powerful C. M. A. eleven at Columbia, Tenn., 39 to 0. in a sea of mud. The slick underpinning hindered the light Maroons, marring the running and pass attacks.

The game was much closer than the score indicates. M. B. A. held their own with C. M. A. during the first half, which ended M. B. A., 0; C. M. A., 6. But C. M. A. came back in the second half with powerful line thrusts that M. B. A. fought vainly to stop, but they were overpowered by a much heavier and more experienced line.

Hurn, Yates and Halloran were the bright lights in the M. B. A. backfield, while Holt, Blair and Sisk were the mainstays in the line.

The C. M. A. team all fought to star.